

ONE THOUSAND,
SEVEN HUNDRED,
SIXTY-EIGHT:

OR,

Past 12 o'Clock, and a cloudy Morning.

Price One Shilling and Sixpence.

ns

ONE THOUSAND,

SEVEN HUNDRED,

SIXTY-EIGHT:

Half 12 o'Clock, and a cloudy Morning.

From the Billings and Spencer.

ONE THOUSAND,

SEVEN HUNDRED,

SIXTY-EIGHT:

11630. d. 16

9

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Past 12 o'Clock, and a cloudy Morning.

IN TWO CANTOS.

CANTO I.

Interdum populus rectum putat.

HOR.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. BINGLEY, opposite Durham Yard, in the Strand.

MDCCLXVIII.

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London: Printed for W. Bingley, opposite the Theatre, in the Strand.



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MDCCLXXXIII.

A N

EPISTOLARY DIALOGUE.

P. **T**HERE are, who kindly buzz it in my ear,
Be prudent, Sir, for M-----rs can hear---
Tho' deaf to Virtue's call, or Merit's claim,
They catch ev'n whispers of ill growing fame;
And ev'ry whisper, ev'ry school-boy knows,
Ne'er loses strength, but gathers as it goes---
Law-clerks, informers, all the harpy crew,
Have, when you guess it least, their game in view:
No common game---the Nimrod each who can,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was Man.---

6 "Vires acquirit eundo." VIRG.

7 An office generally held by some *acute* attorney, the better to render him *adroit* in the path he treads.

10 *Vide* Pope's Windfor Forest.

B

2

These,

These, join'd to Magistrates of servile growth,
 Who once could split a fig, as now an oath,
 Divide and subdivide--*So help you God,*
 Till Cana's miracle, ('tis somewhat odd)
 Renew'd at once, tho' not by hand divine, 15
 Changes their water bev'rage into wine;
 And, by some lucky riot, or a search,
 Some intercepted *Shyloc*, with his birch,
 The scrap intended for their Monday's board,
 And drawn, with frigid hand, from Madam's hoard, 20
 (You'd swear that *Jonas* breath'd upon the place)
Presto, be gone, is ven'son, and his Grace.

For many a Duke, or *no Duke*, condescends
 To leaze on dainties of *plebeian* friends,
 Nor asks, so the champain he smacks is clear, 25
 If Heav'n or *mittimus*'s sent it there.

See, like the magic trees in *Orpheus*, rise
 Deserts, which scarce an *Almac* could devise.
 Here bail-bonds vegetate to earliest roots,
 There warrants crimson to nectareous fruits; 30

29 It is more than commonly reported of a certain Magistrate's Lady, that, having in vain petitioned her prudent husband for a cucumber, when only at the small price of a guinea, she luckily heard a riot had happened, with murder annexed, when she sent to market immediately, and pleased her palate, at the expence of even Christian blood.

Here jellies weep, from some brib'd licence sheet,
 Or in warm arrack's circulation meet;
 There tremulating cones of *blanc-mange* view,
 Tho' white, yet rais'd from black subscription's due:
 See, bills of fly indictment change to jams, 35
 Rich French *liqueurs*, or honest English drams;
 With vile discharges Hyson's perfume steams,
 And informations whip themselves to creams;
 While Sodom's vice, on some *red letter day*,
 May haply liquify to choice tokay. 40

Yet, shall Sir John still claim the public trust,
 Who bravely teaches justice to be just;
 And, when compell'd at length the sword to draw,
 Still mercy blends with energy of law!
 But, from the servile phalanx, who can hide? 45
 While some through int'rest press, and some through pride;
 Some from old grudges would pursue your life,
 Because my cousin's cousin vex'd his wife---
 (Fail'd in one bow, to her high rank so due,
 For wives can fill the chair, like we know who; 50

41 This Gentleman, of a family no less eminent for rank than ingenuity, though he never desired, yet does he deserve every honour so lately conferred on him.

And

And Lady's such a simple knight-ish name—
 I'm now a Baronet-tes, that I am!—
 Yet play the spy, and squeeze your shrinking hand,
 To know what's whisper'd through a murmur'ing land:
With head thus shak'd, (for there's a thousand ways) 55
 Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
 And like the leaden mark, still *hand in hand*
 With some pert *Jack in office* near the Strand,
 Some quondam writing master, more or less,
 All quill, all *Rule*, all blotting-sheet, like H---, 60
 Conclude their plot, by Take it as a friend,
 Bad as they are, who knows, the times will mend,
 Look round, and then confess how vain the toil,
 To hope for better fruits on such a soil!
 See, free E-----ns drag the Sh--ff's chain, 65
 Slaves to false numbers, told, and told again:

52 A certain wife of an Alderman in England's great and good city seriously threw away more than a single fee at the *Herald's Office*, to know, as her husband was raised to the dignity of a Baronet, whether she might not quit the common title of *Lady*, which she had borne, and be now distinguished by a *Baronet-tes*.

55 *Vide Hamlet, Act I.*

57 The insurance mark.

59 One of the *Pedissquir*, now raised to the *Equestrian*, and from teaching little masters and mistresses to hold their pen, still thinks he has a right to guide the hand of even the most distinguished writer.

But,

But, strange to tell! as C-----d shall swear,
 (I mean those few whose oaths the test can bear)
 Poor *two and two*, which always stood for four,
 Now makes or three or five, nay, often more, 70
 And by arithmetic, hence call'd his own,
 The lesser number is the greater grown.

Chill'd each fair bud in academic youth,
 Check'd ev'ry fally of bright op'ning truth;
 Ev'n while I write, true learning's first best shoot, 75
 Blighted at once, and with'ring by a ----;
 While thistles, but of late, exotics grown,
 Bask in a sunshine to their fires unknown;
 And suckled thus, each northern dwarfling thorn
 Points to our skies, as if full southward born. 80

Look round, and wonder things are still no worse,
 While those who wish a blessing vote a curse;
 In private give Britannia's cause a sigh,
 And yet, in public, bid Britannia die;
 Nay, die a thousand ways, where law and faith 85
 Forbid the torture, and a ling'ring death.

And shall a kingdom groan beneath the wheel,
 Writhe her torn limbs, and still fresh engines feel;

C

Still

Still still be dying, but ne'er taste of death?
 Happier poor Gibson, who resign'd his breath,
 Paid that just debt to Nature and the laws,
 And left posterity to right his cause.
 Better to die like him, and there it ends,
 Than stabb'd, like Julius, by an hundred friends;
 Friends, who, like you, *All Hail!* cry out aloud,
 While the fell dagger weeps with Roman blood,
 While the sad corpse is dragg'd through ev'ry street,
 The shame, perhaps the scourge, of all they meet.

C. Yet still be prudent—What is it to you,
 A mite, an atom, in the public view?
 Lands seldom fall to any poet's share,
 Unless Utopian acres—in the air;
 And as for stocks, they scarce would guess the name,
 But that, some days, their necks may wear the same;
 And, sure, he can't of window-rates complain
 Whose light is usher'd through a *single pane*;
 Or damn the wheel-tax, in some patriot rage,
 To bilk his *quota* in the Chelsea stage.

Come, take advice, and wither'd be the bays;
 The scheme might answer in -----'s days,

Handle enough for satire, and for blows :
 But now three kingdoms, balsam'd in repose,
 Spread their kind blandishment throughout the land,
 And peace, with plenty, smiles on ev'ry hand :
 St. -----'s chapel scarce emits a sigh, 115
 Nor dreads the list'ning ear, or stander by :
 No ----- weeps, no ----- is heard to moan,
 Thanks to our stars, or -----'s good care alone ;
 All, all, observe them, look content, and smile---
 Then hang the grumblers of a spit-fire isle, 120
 Whom never God will please, nor k---g can rule ;
 A motley race at best, half knave, half fool---
 Why dares one tongue else wag in noise so rude,
 Against a Q---n, so gracious, and so good ?
 Or, why, beneath a blessing, like our own, 125
 Dares *Forty-five* still mutter at the throne ?

P. Yet Pope---

C. But ev'n his ghost at length is laid,
 And M---s is but a pedlar in the trade,
 A small-beer sonnet-brewer at the best,
 A mere ode-haberdasher, like the rest, 130

123 *Vide* Hamlet to his mother.

128 The idle author of an idle volume, called *Bagatelles*, published by Doddsley, and now, to shew the depraved taste of the town, in the second edition.

A weaver of thin *bagatelles* at most,
Or strange acrostic on some batter'd toast.

Besides, and take this secret in your ear,
We know not, now, the shadow of a fear.
Chain'd to the oar of pension or of place,
Our authors wait the nod but of his Grace;
Arm'd *Cap-a-pie*, they wield the pen afar,
Cry Havoc! and let slip the dogs of war.
We dread no rebel-rob of witling 'squires,
Nor grumbling fellows stoking *college fires*.
Ev'n Cæsar brib'd his Flaccus—He was right—
And authorlings funk down in endless night;
Each Bavius hid his, then, diminish'd rays,
Nor dar'd to copy, even, a copied blaze;
The radiant glow, which beam'd o'er Maro's head,
Like light'ning, struck a thousand Mævii dead.
So, Sir, when quills like yours would daub distress,
I'd give a vote myself to cramp the press.

P. While yet that rag of liberty remains,
Still let me, tho' I rave not, shake my chains;
Of ev'ry other privilege bereft,
The last pale gleam of British freedom left:

Still feel my way to haunt the *guilty great*,
 Idly *incog*, at some *occult* retreat,
 Still force a passage for my country's woes, 155
 Unseal each eye-lid, and debar repose.

In vain you fly to -----'s peaceful bow'rs,
 Those shades afford no peace to breasts like yours ;
 Or, sick'ning, while you wonder at the cause,
 Hasten back to courts, and crouds, and brib'd applause ; 160
 Shift ev'ry hour, through ev'ry prospect range,
 A guilty bosom ne'er can feel a change.

In vain ! Palladio plans a cool retreat,
 The scorpion burns you on the fresco-seat ;
 The stucco-floor, in vain, would warmth invite, 165
 Fears chill your bosom, and forbid delight.
 The hermit's cell is thatch'd with short expence,
 To cheat the mind with dreams of innocence,
 In vain---the world bursts in, and, full in view,
 Bellows aloud for justice, and for you--- 170

In vain ! when darkness glooms, the nurse of fears,
 You taste champain, and revel with your Peers ;
 Unseen by them, pale Banquo fills the chair,
 Points to his wounds, and shakes his clotted hair ;

D

Some

Some friend, like Shakespear's heroine, weaves in vain 175

A gauze-excuse, to screen her trembling Thane:

The pond'ring circle knows, alas ! too sure,

Guilt, the disease---disease, without a cure !

Ah ! how unlike the man of former days,

Friendship his darling, his attendant praise ! 180

How chang'd, alas ! from him of happier times,

Fair Virtue's guardian, and the scourge of crimes ;

Unask'd, by every chearful peasant blest'd,

By ev'ry social friend, unbid, carest'd ;

And — would smile, and speak of ——'s grove, 185

The warm retreat of liberty and love !

How ill exchang'd for ev'ry witling's gibe,

Or triple circles of the *candied* tribe ;

Barter'd, for splendor, ev'ry home-felt hour,

And each warm blessing, for the toy of pow'r. 190

And say, Oh ! tell us, when you tread the floor,

Which Wolsey, once a fav'rite, trod before,

Or ent'ring through the same wide-op'ning gate,

With equal pride, tho' with unequal state,

Do no strange phantoms rush before your eyes, 195

No stranger fears, with each slow footstep rise,

175 Lady Macbeth.

188 Shakespear.

Of golden heaps laid level with the plain,
 Of publick treasure disembogu'd again ;
 Of pomp revers'd, and chang'd to vulgar sneer,
 With scarce a pitying sigh, or friendlier tear ? 200
 Oh ! say, when on the regal sofa laid,
 Upbraiding Sleep, that coy regardless maid,
 Do no harsh sounds divide the wish'd-for rest,
 And drive the frighted Goddess from your breast ;
 No voice of discord reach your list'ning ear, 205
 The Orphan's wailing, and the widow's tear ?
 See there ! the sacred finger, on the wall,
 Proclaims aloud, that pride must have a fall.

Yet could the pension'd pen, now endless found,
 Inject a balm to cicatrize your wound, 210
 Gigantic Drawcanfir would lead the van,
 And swear that income does not change the man ;
 'Tis from conviction that he argues now,
 And when he rail'd at bribes, 'twas we know how !
 " Nolo episcopari," still he cry'd--- 215
 But cruel ---- swore he'd not be deny'd.
 Since you're so pressing, says the bloated fry'r,
 I'll take it as a present, not as hire :

207 *Bellhazzar.*218 *Vide Spanish Friar.*

But the sad tongue-ty'd, pen-ty'd scribler proves,
What first he wrote for is what last he loves. 220

Ev'n L---k---n stands enlisted with the best---
An invalid may serve to drill the rest.

Thus Chelsea, in some feverous hour of war,
Lends an old serjeant, darn'd with many a scar,

Who useful proves, to train the awkward band, 225
And teach wild boys to feel the word Command;

That greatest rule, the right from left to know,
From instinct, courtiers can---we---never do.

With Majors and with Minors, thus you move,
Indifferent to our hate, as to our love. 230

'Tis said, in Henry's, or in Richard's days,
(The tale is good, though told a thousand ways,

For vouchers have been lost these many a year,
Perhaps, like others, lest they should appear)

A Statesman, grave, and just as other men, 235
Walking alone---(for great folks walk'd it then,

Ev'n tho' they had exchequers at their feet;
Exchequers too, perhaps, were not so great)---

Pond'ring on what to move, or what to vent,
'Gainst the next meeting of some parliament--- 240

Heard a shrill voice cry out, "A Knave! a Knave!

"Ah! save my country, injur'd Albion, save!"

But

(Much

(Much injur'd then, alas! more injur'd now,
 Since one realm, infamously, sprung from two ;)--
 The bird had got his lesson well by rote, 245
 But, 'twas mere luck, he, then, should pop it out.

Fame says, he took it wholly to himself,
 Went home---repented---and confess'd his pelf---
 Refunded to the public---said his pray'rs---
 Retir'd---grew honest---and so sav'd his ears. 250

Bless'd days indeed! oh! ever-golden times!
 When one short verse could purge a Statesman's crimes;
 When poor poor Poll did, in a trice, perform
 What since a legion Churchills can't reform.
 Yet parrots now, if M-----rs would walk, 255
 Might hit the mark, and to the purpose talk.

For birds may speak the truth, at all times too---
 'Tis more than Englishmen can dare to do.
 For know, besides the proverb, there's a rule
 Held in a certain magisterial school, 260
 That 'tis not less a libel, tho' 'tis right;
 Strange doctrine! stranger practice!--So, *good night*---
 I'll tell you more to-morrow; now, I'm vexed;
 Let's drop the curtain then, you'll have it next.

So cunning parsons split a dull discourse, 265
 And, not to lose good pudding, say they're hoarse;

Or more, perhaps! in hopes, at ev'ning hour,
 Half may forget, by sleep, what went before ;
 For he's a churlish preacher at the best,
 Who will not give the *heavy-laden rest*, 270
 One while, at least ; but let him thunder then,
 And doubly rouse his snoring flock agen ;
 Make rich amends for, ev'n, this hour's delay,
 Like idle trav'lers, tippling on their way :
 Who whip and spur, at some poor hackney's cost, 275
 To fetch up time, like me, they madly lost.

Once more, Good night, for, hark, with fullen roar,
 Old Paul's groans out the tedious midnight hour ;
 And while it hushes common sons of care,
 Leaves me still waking, for Britannia's fare. 280
 Old *Verges* cries *A cloudy Morning*, too---
 We ne'er shall see much clearer---how say you?
 What Fontainebleau's d----'d peace began, my friend,
 Choiseul and toleration, soon, must end.

281 Dogberry and Verges, the two watchmen. *Much ado about nothing.*

284 By the profound policy of this great Minister, a toleration is coming on with
 such hasty strides in France, that already a third part of all the abby lands are alien-
 ated to the King, and without a murmur, as a third part of their number are taken
 under the King's protection, to be provided for elsewhere; and, by these gentle
 steps, in time, it is to be feared, the whole will fall to the Crown.

(If that don't weigh the trembling balance down, 285
 I'll give you *Corfica*, that isle unknown,
 Else, sure, our sage and *Machevelian* p--r,
 Would ne'er have suffer'd France to lord it there.---
 For, multiply their numbers, *ten to one*,
 And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.) 290

C. And so we swear---You know that proverb wife,
 "The man who swears will never stick at lies."

P. Come, then, I'll whisper something in your ear,
 'Twould make a dean, much more a parson, swear---

C. While 'tis your hobby-horse, still, thus to rail, 295
 Mine shall be, still, to ridicule the tale.
 But now, for once, that you may sleep at ease,
 I'll think, I'll speak, I'll practise what you please;
 Join issue with you, and the rascal croud;
 In short roar *Wilks and Liberty* aloud; 300
 Smash harmless panes, to answer glaziers' ends;
 Stick up more lights, to please my tallow-friends;
 (Bring soldiers in, as guilty of that blood
 They, innocently spilt, for Britain's good;
 Put magistrate-distillers to the rack, 305
 And brand him with a loss that breaks his back:--

Because

Because this *rum-duke* of a Justice saw
 The dear necessity of *martial law*.---
 I'll flatter you, besides, and swear the fool
 (Or, if you will, the m-----l tool)
 Was proud to see himself ev'n falsely prais'd,
 And by a r---l proclamation rais'd ;
 Rais'd in the eyes of his own *Blackman* feers,
 Above his juniperian apron'd peers---
 And on his tomb, (tho' now I see you laugh)
 Let this be his immortal epitaph :
 " Here lies Samaria's child, who, void of ire,
 " In cool blood, bid the scarlet hot-brains fire ;
 " And having, all his life, been quite unknown,
 " Thus grew at once the fav'rite of a t---- :
 " May, with his breath, all just resentment cease,
 " And he, if not in life, now *rest in peace*."
 Instead of pleasure, blister you with pain ;
 Nay, with old Chaos too may come again,
 That palpable crape-night may next succeed,
 " And darkness be the burier of the dead."
 Now wake, or sleep, I truly care not which,
 Resume, or throw aside, your scribbling itch ;

322 Requiescat in pace.

326 Richard III,

A pat-

A pattern of all patience, I'll remain,
Like Lear, and not mean to speak again. 330

For once, I've humour'd your fond vein of bile,
And now, with Rome's mad patriot in exile,
Or his so restless counterpart at home,
Tip us the Stoic—beat old Discord's drum—
To vulgar eyes, so vainly, still pretend, 335

Because unpenfion'd, you're Britannia's friend;
Then, swallowing down the spittle of your pride,
Like Cato, tell your Gods, *I'm satisfy'd*.

But Utica's lean council (we know why)
Could give his senatorial heart the lie; 340

For a few drachmas, *whisp'ringly* apply'd,
To duty, would have melted down his pride,

And prov'd that rascal Cæsar, in the end,
No more a tyrant, but his Country's friend;

Nay, made him see things in a different view, 345
As, when some points are gain'd, will you know who.

P. Why, as that Statesman said, who prov'd our vice,
Each patriot, the most stubborn, *has his price*;
Ribbons have silenc'd, thus, some chatt'ring peer,
When the Words Place and Pension lanc'd his ear; 350

A title caught old ——— at the last,
Who, till that moment, held his virtue fast;

And ———, as 'tis said, a beast all o'er,
Plump gave his soul, to gain two *beast*-es more.

Nay, one, by name more cunning, (*entre nous,*) 355
Took, at one gulp, place, pension, title, too.

His party rail'd, when first they heard the trick;

But, finding that it never made him sick,

The Devil take the hindmost, one man cry'd,

Another in the self-same key reply'd; 360

So *one and all* approved the maxim soon,

And ev'ry squeamish stomach *lick'd the spoon*;

Nor, thro' this speck of patriotic ground,

Was one mad — or ——— to be found;

All follow'd now their bell-weather at once, 365

And d—'d each sucking p—t—ling for a dunce.

These are the patriot independent few,

From whom we waited, like each gaping Jew,

For such a blessing—as, when once our own,

(And not the whisp'ring ear-wig of a T——,) 370

Like him, was *scorn'd—rejected—and, despis'd—*

If *doubly* humble—why not *doubly* priz'd?

354 A certain peer, (and, of course, *upper senator* of the realm) always adds a syllable to monosyllables like *ghost*, *beast*, &c. &c. not so much from ignorance, we hope, as from the pleasure of singularity.

Merit is ever modest and retir'd,
 She feels her value, ev'n when least admir'd—
 Clos'd in the mine, the di'mond is the same, 375
 As when on *Stanhope's* neck, it aids the flame:
 Tho' Envy's Self approves to see it worn,
 No longer useless, but in public borne.

Yet do *I see a cherub*, still who views
 One patriot more, whom Faction can't abuse— 380
 Whose heart wou'd execute the gen'rous plan
 His head conceives—for man—ungrateful man!—

Appear then, matchless virtue! endless worth!
 By all our wrongs and suff'rings, now step forth;
 Shew Britain Wisdom may unite with Wit, 385
 And tho' a C——m sinks, still rise a P——t;
 Let foreign courts no longer claim your care,
 But Britain ev'ry hidden talent share:
 Like Latium's Genius, stem thy country's doom,
 And, tho' a Cæsar smile, remember Rome. 390

11 7 49

379 Hamlet.

382 This *noble* Commoner (among many *other* nobler plans) propos'd all officers of state should serve the crown *gratis*—himself offering to take the lead in any the most laborious of each department—his character of *general* benevolence is too well rivetted to be loosened by any news-paper attacks—or *particularly* suspected, even by his enemies—as it is known, even during his non-residence at T—n, that, for the honour of his royal Master, and the good of his country, much of his *private* fortune has been added to support the *public* character he has so long borne with such distinguished lustre, and so peculiar a share of real dis-interestedness.

End of the first Canto.

— 5 minutes. And now we are ready to go.

Close in the mine, the diamond is the same.

As when on Hampden's neck, it sits the serpent:

The Envy's self approves to see it done,

No longer useful, but in public domain.

Yet do I love the world

One patriot more, whom Fashion can't seduce—

Wrote that word to you

—This head contains—many of—various kinds of—

Appear then, metaphors without end!

By all our prayers and fasts, may the Lord

Shew Britain's Wilkins may unite with W.

And the C. — in English will be a P. —

For foreign countries no longer claim your card.

the British every hidden talent:

Like Latham's Genius, from the country's bosom

320

22. This noble Commander (a good many who doubt him) proposes that all officers should have the crown rank—himself offering to take the lead in any the nobilities of each department—his character of general benevolence is too well known to be looked on as any new-painted knight—or certainly is respected, even by his enemies—as it is known, even during his non-existence at T—, that for the sake of his royal Master, and the good of his country, much of his private fortune has been added to support the public character he has in long years with such distinguished service, and to procure a share of real distinction.

End of the first Chapter